



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

(Continued.)

THE COUNT D—— TO LOUIS ——.

Brussels, April, 1761.

Well, it is over! You have your will! Are you now satisfied? O, I could take the most abandoned prostitute from the street, and marry her, to punish you for your cruelty and myself—And myself! Here I am plunged into the most horrible abyss of misery. If you knew what you have done, as I know what I have done, instead of rejoicing, you would weep. Weep! I say. What had you then in view with your execrable interference? You have dragged me to Brussels. Here I stop, and survey the path I have traversed, dyed with blood, and moistened with tears. You have not yet got me to Paris. Do not triumph too soon!

Now bind the scarf of honour, for which I was obliged to break the most solemn oaths, around my wounded soul. Shall I not behold her sinking down, pale, and dying? Will not this sight forever haunt me? Ah! my faithful Ri-

sot, why did you not say to me, you are a base, contemptible villain! That I am. Tell my mother so, Louis! To this state you have reduced me, I will inform you. It is horrible, horrible!

I received Risot's letter, was half convinced that he was right, and yet staid. I wavered to and fro, and my soul contrived the most detestable of crimes. I was not happy, and never shall be again. Even in the moments of the highest transport, I was not happy; the crime mingled its bitterest wormwood with my joys. Henrietta was mine. Upon my knees I swore with a tremulous voice, that she should be eternally mine—swore it by her tears, her affliction, her despair, and with a sincere heart. O how could I so horribly deceive such innocence, such celestial confidence? She pulled down my hands, which I had raised to invoke heaven, and prayed to the Almighty not to hear my oaths. O, she suspected my crime, and still she loved me. Your letters arrived, and then my guilt commenced. They were soon followed by the letter of the king. My uncle first sent for me, and painted in illusive colours the brilliant career into

which I should be led by the most horrible perfidy. I threw myself at his feet, and implored him with tears to suffer me to keep my oath, told him that the beloved object was mine, and that I was united to her by a more sacred bond than the church could impose, by the bond of nature. Instead of answering, he read the king's letter. Unfortunately I durst not oppose the desire of the king; though I had the horrible courage to renounce nature, virtue—to abandon my wife.

The scandalous business was settled. With a placid brow, and a black soul, I returned to Henrietta, and repeated the oath of fidelity, in order to deceive her, and the more securely to strike the death-blow against her open and unsuspecting heart. O infernal torture! those eyes beaming innocence and confidence through their tears, I met disguised with deceit, falsehood, and affected love;—as a wicked spirit assumes the appearance of an angel of light, before a world replete with happiness and virtue, which he hopes to involve in universal desolation.

“Ah, could—durst—my mother form such a wish?—But let me hasten over the abominable transaction. On the very day when I was to have given her my hand at the altar; on the very day when she had determined to make the most generous sacrifice, and renounce my hand, if she could not

render me completely happy; at the very moment when she overwhelmed me with tenderness and magnanimity—while my heart was rent with torture and remorse—the door flew open. My uncle's adjutant rushed in, demanded my sword, and informed me that I must instantly accompany him to the head quarters. Virtue raised a last struggle in my heart; I made a motion to defend myself. La Fosse drew his sword, and the faithful Henrietta placed herself before me. As it had been previously agreed, I surrendered my sword, and with it resigned all sense of honour. My artifices were insufficient, my eyes betrayed my villainy, and my hands trembled. I had no longer the courage to look at Henrietta, but fixed my timid eyes on the floor.

She alternately regarded me and La Fosse. Both of us trembled: she remained composed, grasped my hand, and asked, with a tone that shook my very soul, “Are you deceiving me?” I threw myself down before her, and embraced her knees. She raised my face towards her, looked stedfastly at me, and abruptly exclaimed, “If you are deceiving me, God grant that you may never hear of me again!” I sprang up to press her to my heart, my blood now rushed impetuous through every vein, and all the faculties of my soul were endued with omnipotent force. La Fosse tore me from her, and six grenadiers dragged

me without mercy into a coach. I heard Henrietta's shrieks; never will they cease to vibrate in my soul.

La Fosse returned my sword in the coach. I rampied upon it, saying, with a horrible sensation, "Treason against nature has dishonoured me!"

I was brought with considerable difficulty to the head quarters. There my uncle ridiculed my folly, and the Duc de ———, bestowed on me a smile of commiseration. In this manner they overthrew my resolution to return. I was carried like one in a profound sleep to Brussels. Woe to myself and to you!

Is it your wish to cheer, to console me? Is it with this view that you charge me with commissions from the king to the government of Brussels? Let me alone, I intreat you. Ridicule of my misery might easily impel me to seek death, which my soul ardently desires. I have written to the minister that I am not in a situation to accept of any employment. Shall I not lament the loss of my honour, of my virtue, and of Paradise? Is my family offended, that I look with anxious solicitude towards that Eden, the entrance of which is closed by an infernal deed of your contrivance? O, smile! but permit the murderer, seduced by you to perpetrate the deed,—permit him, at least, to shudder after the crime which he commit-

ted without shuddering! I fear a second crime will punish you for the first. My anguish thrusts the avenging sword deeper and deeper into my heart; it must at last reach the seat of my miserable life.

She is gone with her aunt to Cassel, writes La Fosse, who fetched my things from O——. Composed, he adds, and pledges his honour for it. Composed. O, if I could believe that! See, Louis, if she were composed, if she were happy, then might misfortune and ignominy attend me the remainder of my life. Composed! Ah! I know her heart. You have murdered her, ye monsters! Murdered! I shudder. Every breeze wafts to me a dying groan, every ray of light appears to be her shade. I cover my pallid face with my hands, whenever my door opens. I am afraid lest her spirit should enter, look me in the face, and kindle around me the flames of hell!

Farewell! O God! What have you done! What have I done! Farewell!

THE COUNT D— TO RISOT.

Paris, 1764.

Dearest Risot, recal the malediction which you pronounced over me; the curse that I should never again be happy. Can then no repentance expiate guilt? Is not four years' infernal torture punishment enough for my crime. Be-

stow your benediction, dear Risot ; till then I cannot give my hand to the dear object to whom I am to be united. Give me your blessing, my noble friend, and pardon me ; then Heaven will not be more severe than you. O, Risot ! I implore you, recal the curse which you pronounced against me upon my return from Germany.

RISOT TO THE COUNT D——.

Vissieux, 1764.

If your heart has removed the curse, dearest Count, my lips willingly recal it, and I pray Heaven also to pardon you. But forget not a moment that the goddess Nemesis accompanies you through life. Felicity is a word that you ought not to pronounce without trembling ; you have destroyed the felicity of a virtuous heart, though you received a timely warning. Many virtues, many noble actions are necessary to counterbalance in the eyes of a righteous Providence this solitary deed. Be virtuous ; it is not possible for me to add—be happy ! Be firm, be contented ; this is all that my heart can say to you. Repentance atones for every crime ; and your repentance, Count, was genuine and sincere. But should Providence—I write with trembling—remind you of your guilt by repeated and heavy misfortunes, could you say it is too severe ? The Almighty bless you ! Be virtuous ! Farewell !

THE COUNT D—— TO RISOT.

O—, 1794.

Providence is merciful and just, dearest Risot. Now bless me without trembling. I am on the verge of life ; and the goddess of Justice and Vengeance shews me the glistening sword without using it. O, you were right ! the mercy of Heaven granted me a whole life of felicity, and deferred the misery till its concluding moments. I have suffered an easy, and at the same time a very severe punishment for my guilt. My wife is at Vienna, and has saved the greatest part of her property ; she does not know that I am still living.

I fled in the disguise of a beggar through France and Flanders, and arrived safely at the Rhine. Here I first learned that my wife had escaped, and that I was supposed to be dead. Having crossed the Rhine, I was taken ill at a small town. I had not thought of my unhappy Henrietta for years. Here, so near the spot where she lived, the old wound opened afresh. "Here," thought I, "here, where you committed the crime, you shall die." I desired the physician not to conceal the truth from me. He shrugged his shoulders. My six months' wanderings in France, the inclemencies of the weather, bad food, care, and anxiety, had destroyed my constitution, and entirely dried up the sources of life. I smiled when the physician informed me that I could not

recover, took his medicines, called for a coach, and proceeded to O—

(To be continued.)

From the Delaware Gazette.

HYMENEAL COURT.

John Shivers, Esq } This was an ac-
vs. } tion instituted by
Cupid. } the plaintiff against
the defendant for
damages.

It appeared from the most authentic evidence, that the plaintiff was a well meaning, good kind of a man—inoffensive—sober—moral—sedate, &c—that he had lived near seventy years in the old log mansion-house, near Quiet Valley; during which time he was never known to trouble himself about other folk's business, especially the ladies: and, it seemed his only care was to accumulate the READY. In consequence of this singular manner of living, some well-disposed people had stigmatized him with the appellation of "MISOCAMIST," (a marriage-hater) but in truth he was only a bachelor from a fear that a married state was *too expensive*.

It further appeared, from equally authentic proof, that on a certain day (not precisely remembered, but believed to be near the beginning of December, for there had been a slight fall of snow) the

said plaintiff called into a certain dry-good store, in a village near where he lived, to purchase a fi'penny bit skein of yarn to darn his stockings—that when he first entered the store, there was no person in it to wait on him—he, accordingly, picked up the yard-stick and gave a rap with it upon the counter; this rap brought out of an adjoining room the lady who owned the store, and whom the said plaintiff declared to be the most *angelic! bewitching! young! and accomplish'd* creature! his eyes ever beheld. She was in her blooming *teens* of SIXTY. At the instant she entered the store, the mischievous defendant, (as he is always ready to annoy the happiness of mankind) drew his bow, and lodged one of his keenest arrows in the plaintiff's *fluttering* heart. In consequence of which, the said plaintiff entirely forgot, or could not tell his errand. He at first stood aghast; then walked, in wild disorder, about the store—stooped—turned round—hem'd, and at last precipitately went out—without saying a word.

After returning home, he raved about his house as one insane—upsat a tea-kettle of boiling water—scalded his foot—hop'd—jump'd—fell on the floor—roll'd over—bounc'd up again—Ever and anon, he would *sing*, or rather *bawl*

"Saunt'ring along the streets one day,
As I was going a-shopping;
I stop'd a moment on the way,
To buy some tape and bobbing—"

But as I enter'd in the shop,
 There sat just by the ceiling,
 A *fair one*!—but I can't tell what
 Did give me such a feeling !!!

He fretted, foam'd, laugh'd, and cried, alternately—rued the day he was born, and the day he called for the yarn—scared his old companion, *the cat*, into fits; she leaped through the window, and broke out the only remaining pane of glass in the house—he snatched up a herring, and swallowed it so greedily, that a bone stuck in his throat—he coughed again and again, but all to no purpose—ran to a doctor to get relief, which cost him—*fifty cents*! And, to complete the grand climax of misfortune, when he returned home again, he ran up stairs in such haste, that his foot slipped, and down he fell—into a *tub of soap*. In haste to extricate himself, upset an old corner cup-board, and broke nearly ALL *his dishes*. The soap caused his scalded foot to smart to such a degree, that he bellowed like a mad-man—his neighbours ran in—believed him perfectly crazy—confined him, and carried him off to an hospital. Whilst he was detained, the mice nibbled away nearly all his cheese and candles; the pigs broke into his garden, and *ruined his cabbage, beans, potatoes, &c.*! After being confined about two months in the mad cells, blistered, blooded, physicked, &c. he was dismissed. Recovered of his indisposition, but an entirely ruined man, and——.

At this moment, the court adjourned to dinner. . However, should the sequel prove worthy of publication, and time will admit of my taking the minutes of the trial, it shall be given to the public.

SIMON SCRIBBLE.

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 AN ODD WAY OF
BARGAINING FOR A WIFE.

MERCATOR, who went originally from London, acquired a fortune in the island of Jamaica; he concluded with himself that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit: none of his acquaintance in the female line suited his inclination, he therefore determined to write for one, to his correspondents in London, through whose means he had obtained his fortune and consequence. As he had been so much versed in mercantile matters, the style of writing usually in that way of business still adhered to him, therefore treating of love as he did of business, after giving his correspondent many commissions, he reserved the following for the last, viz.

“Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send me by next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualification and form following:—as for a portion, I demand none; let her be of an

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of a middle stature, and well proportioned ; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second through lack of the first, soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance, and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives, and conditioned as before mentioned, with the letter endorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I thereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter, by marrying the bearer at fifteen days sight. In witness whereof, I subscribe this, &c.

The London correspondent read over and over this odd commission, which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales of goods he was to send his friend. He nevertheless complied with this extraordinary demand, and fixed his eyes upon a person of a reputable family, but no fortune ; of good humour, who had received a polite education, very well made, and more than tolerable handsome. The young lady received the proposal, as she had no subsistence but from a pettish old aunt. Equipped with necessaries for the voyage, an extract of the parish register, a certificate of her charac-

ter signed by the curate, a corroborating attestation of her neighbours, and the following article in the invoice, she set sail in the same ship with the other commissioned goods :

“Item, a maid of twenty-one years of age, of the qualities, shape, and condition, per order ; as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce.”

The goodness of her constitution was likewise certified by four eminent physicians. Letters of advice were sent previous to her departure, so that Mercator was in full expectation of her arrival. He was on the look-out when the ship arrived ; was charmed with her distinguished beauty, and enquired if she was the lady recommended by his friend. She produced his own letter, with this endorsement, “the bearer of this is the person you ordered me to send you.”

“Is it so, Madam,” said Mercator, “I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I swear this shall not be the first ; I shall reckon myself the happiest of all men, if you will allow me to discharge it.” She replied, “Sir, I am the more willing to do this, as I was apprised of your character before I sailed, which has been confirmed by several persons of credit on board, who knew you very well.”

This interview was followed with an almost immediate cele-

bration of the nuptials, and they are this day the happiest couple in the whole island.

ABBE WATTEVILLE.

Watteville was colonel of the regiment of Burgundy, in the service of Philip IV. of Spain, and distinguished himself by many brilliant achievements. Dissatisfied that another officer was promoted over his head, he quitted the service, and turned Carthusian. He soon began to be tired of the solitude of the convent; having secretly procured a sum of money, he commissioned an intimate friend to purchase a riding dress, a sword, and a pair of pistols, with which he equipped himself at night in his cell, and proceeded towards the garden. The Prior, either by accident, or having received a hint of his intention, met him by the way. Watteville dispatched him on the spot; and leaping the garden wall, found a horse in readiness for him. He galloped away, and never stopped till he was obliged, by the weariness of the animal. The place at which he halted was a wretched, lonely inn, situated in the midst of a forest. A sheep's head, the only provision that it afforded, was put down to the fire by his order. Scarcely had he begun eating, when another traveller entered; and as he found nothing else to satisfy his hunger, he requested Watteville to divide his repast

with him. The latter refused to part with the smallest portion; the parties grew warm; the stranger seized the dish, and was running away with it, when Watteville snatched up one of the pistols, and shot him through the head. Laying the other upon the table, he threatened to serve the landlady and a man servant, who had hastened to the room on hearing the noise, in the same manner, if they offered to molest him during his meal. When he had finished, he mounted his horse; and after a variety of adventures, he reached the dominion of the Grand Seigneur, where he assumed the turban, and insinuated himself with such address into the favour of the monarch, that he was soon appointed pacha and governor of several places in the Morea.

About this time the Turks were engaged in a war with the Venetians. He resolved to avail himself of this circumstance, in order to effect a reconciliation with his native country. Accordingly, he entered into a secret negotiation with the Venetians, who not only obtained from the Pope a complete absolution for his change of religion, but likewise procured him a good benefice in France Comté. Watteville, on his part, betrayed to them the places of which he was governor. He returned to his native province at the time of its invasion by Louis XIV. and performed important services for the crown of France, which enabled

him to live in great style at Besancon.

On the death of the archbishop, the King nominated Watteville as his successor, but the Pope thinking it too gross a mockery of religion to confer such a high ecclesiastical dignity on a public murderer and renegado, peremptorily refused to confirm the appointment. Watteville was obliged to be content with two fat abbeys, and the archdeaconry of Besancon. Here he lived like a person of distinction keeping a hunting equipage, and a public table; and was feared and respected, at least apparently, by all. He paid a visit from time to time to such of his brethren of the convent as were still alive, and died in 1710, at the advanced age of ninety years.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

When Montaigne was dead, his adopted daughter turned that admiration which was now disengaged upon the Marquis de Racan, with whom she yet was acquainted only by his works. Having a great desire of personally knowing a poet who had so much merit of his own, and so much candor in praising that of other people, she neglected no means of procuring him to pay her a visit. The day and hour was fixed for this call, and two friends of the poet who had been informed of the appointment, seized this opportunity for

affording themselves a little sport. One of these gentlemen knocked at the door an hour or two before the appointed time, and sent up the name of M. de Racan. Mademoiselle de Gournay received him in the warmest manner; he talked of the works which she had published, and which he had been studying in order the better to pay his court to her. He stayed about a quarter of an hour, and left the lady to congratulate herself on having conversed with Racan. He was scarcely gone, when the servant again announced M. de Racan. She supposed her guest was coming up stairs again to say something that he had forgotten, and was preparing to pay him some compliments on the occasion, when the second wag entered and paid his own. She could not help asking him several times if he really was the Marquis, and related to him what had just passed. The pretended Racan affected to be excessively displeased with the tricks, and vowed vengeance. However, Mademoiselle de Gournay was better pleased with him than with the former, because he praised her much more: so she soon believed him to be the real Racan, and considered the preceding visitor as an imposter.

As this second wit went out of the house, the real Racan arrived, and sent up his name. 'What,' cried she, quite out of patience, "more Racans!" however, in came the poet: and Mademoi-

selle in a very angry tone, enquired whether he were come to insult her. Racan, who at best was not fluent in dialogue, and who on this occasion expected quite a different reception, was so much confused that he could do nothing but stammer. Mademoiselle, losing all decorum, declared she was sure he was a fellow sent to make a jest of her; and pulling off her slipper, she so belaboured his pate with the heel of it, that he was compelled to save himself by flight.

Menage, who relates this story, says that Bois-Robert used to tell it every where; and that he sometimes amused a company with it, even in the presence of Racan: and when any body appealed to the poor poet for the authenticity of the tale he would say, *why there is some truth in it.*

VARIETY.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Last St. Patrick's day, a number of people being assembled after prayers in a small village in the county of Sligo, [Ireland] a British recruiting officer began to harangue the country lads, and among other fine things told them, if they enlisted in his majesty's service, they would have the happiness of going to Portugal and from thence

to Spain, to assist in building the churches and erecting the altars that had been demolished by the shocking abominable French.—An old man stepped up to him and said, "Upon my own soul, Mr. Officer, I wish you'd give us leave to rebuild *our own churches* first, that were demolished by the *English*, and not have us hearing mass this way under the rain, with no other covering over the priest at the altar than that old winnow sheet." The seargeant walked off without a recruit.

SIMPLICITY.

I am an admirer of simplicity. But I never feel a greater impulse to pay homage at its shrine, than when it sheds its soft lustre on the female mind. I am pleased when I "behold woman in such lights and shades of soul, temper, and disposition, as nature has originally formed her in." Were I to select a fair

"For solid friendship and connubial love,"

it should be her, who, reared in seclusion, was the genuine child of nature and simplicity; whose spotless mind had never received an unfavorable impression from the follies of a fashionable world.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICANS.

The Indian Prophet (or Manitou) who resides near lake Miche-

gan, told some of the Mississippi Indians, who were on a visit to him some time ago, that the Americans were never born, that they grew up as mushrooms, and are the last people on earth—that the English were born first, the French next, and as to the Americans they were formed by the winds throwing the great waters (or sea) into such a convulsed state as to generate a froth, which the winds scattered among the trees of the forest, and from this froth they leaped into life as numerous as the blades of grass in the Prairie!!!

A SAILOR'S ACCOUNT

Of a journey in a Stage-Coach.

Hove out of Portsmouth in the *Brittania Fly*—a swift sailer—an outside birth—rather drowsy the first watch or two—like to have slipped off the stern—cast anchor at the George—took a fresh quid, and a supply of grog—comforted the upper works, spoke several homeward bound frigates on the road, and after a tolerable smooth voyage, entered the port of London at ten minutes past five, post meridian; steered to Nan's lodgings, and unshipped my cargo; Nan admired the shiners, so did the landlady; gave them a handful a-piece; emptied a bowl of the right sort with landlady and Nan, to the health of my admiral. At six, set sail for the play; got a birth in a cabin on larboard side; wanted to smoke a pipe, but the

boatswain would not let me. Nan I believe, called the play *Poll-zaro*, with *Harlekin Hamlet*; but d-n me, if I knew stem from stern; remember to rig out Nan like the folks in the cabin right a-head; saw Jack Junk aloft in a corner of the upper deck, hailed him, the signal returned; some of the lubbers in the cockpit began to laugh, tipped 'em a little forecastle lingo, till they sheered off; emptied the grog bottle; fell fast asleep: dreamt of the battle of *Trafalgar*; Nan told me the play was over, glad of it, crowded sail for a hackney-coach; got on board, squally weather; rather inclined to be sea-sick; arrived at Nan's lodgings, gave the Pilot a two pound note, and told him not to mind the change; supped with Nan, and swung in the same hammock; overlooked my rhino in the morning, great deal of it to be sure but I hope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling of it in a little time, to the honor and glory of my country.

TRULY DISTRESSING.

On Monday last, a young married woman, who had lodged for a few days at a house in *Front Street*, corner of *Fletcher street*, put an end to her existence by poison. The cause alledged for this, is: her husband, a travelling pedler, absent at *Philadelphia*, wrote a harsh and unbecoming letter to her, which she received

on Saturday ; and, (although her husband is worth upwards of *three thousand dollars*, he neglected to remit any relief to his wife, who was little more than nineteen years of age, and had a child to maintain. From the shameful circumstances in which he left her, she was reduced to the necessity of soliciting protection in the house of an acquaintance, where she cheerfully labored for the sustenance of herself and child ; but on receipt of the letter, she grew melancholy ; purchased some arsenic, which she took, and in a short time expired.

A SAILOR

Is a pitched piece of reason, caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled, a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burthen of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight ; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying. Time and he are every where : ever contending who shall arrive first ; he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out runs darkness ; his life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed ; and if he lives till three coats, is a master ; he sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his playfellows, than stirers of his zeal. Nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him,

and then but his upper deck neither, for his hold neither fears nor hopes ; his sleeps are but reprimands of his dangers, and when he awakes, it is but next stage to dying ; his wisdom is the oddest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every part overflow it. In a storm it is disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements, and which will first leave off scolding ; on which side of the ship he may be best saved ? whether his faith be starboard faith or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of heaven. His keel is the emblem of his conscience ; till it be split, he never repents ; then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations : his body and his ship are both one burden ; nor is it known who stows most wine or rolls most, only the ship is guided ; he has no stern ; a barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and, it is feared, one reason : upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him, he dare not : he swarms up to his seat as to a sail yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flag staff ; if ever he be broken to the saddle, it is but a voyage still ; for he mistakes the bridal for a bowling, and is ever turning his horse tail ; he can pray, but it is by note, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A reck, or a

quicksand pluck him before he is ripe, else he is gathered to his friends, and moored beside a favourite little cock-boat in a snug roadstead.

A Connecticut wit, in the *Herald*, printed at New-Haven, has endeavoured to be merry at the expence of one of our citizens ; and as the subject of it is himself a man, not averse to humour sometimes, he ought not to be deprived of the privilege of joining in the laugh. *N. Whig.*

AN ARTIST.

The last Hudson Bee brought us the advertisement of one Mr. Peter Cole, who tells the public that he "carries on Coach-making, Painting, Trimming, Smithing, and Harness-making," which *multitudinous* occupation "he executes in the genteelest manner." Moreover, on "every Saturday he holds an auction" of all sorts of wares. As this ingenious Mr. Cole has so much business on hand it might assist the public recollection, would he, like the renowned Caleb Quotem, condescend to jingle the several items in rhyme :

I, Peter Cole,
With all my soul,
Paint, trim—and smithing do :
I'm Auctioneer,
Coach engineer,
And harness-tinker too !

Conn. Herald.

Robespierre, just before his fall.

He received a multitude of letters expressive of the wildest adoration,

but others contained threats and imprecations that must have congealed his blood. Read these appalling words that were addressed to him : "This hand, that writes thy doom ; this hand, which thy bewildered eye seeks in vain ; this hand, that presses thine with horror, shall pierce thy inhuman heart. Every day I am with thee, every day I see thee, at every hour my uplifted arm seeks thy breast. O thou vilest of men ! live still a while to think on me ; sleep still to dream of me ; let my image, and thy fear be the first prelude of thy punishment. Farewell, this very day, in beholding thee, I shall enjoy thy terrors."

IRISH BARD.

It has long been a custom in some of the provinces of Ireland, for an itinerant poet to send a complimentary copy of verses into a gentleman's seat, while the family are at dinner, which serves for his whole circuit, only by versifying the name of the patron he addresses. One of these, hearing that Mr. Curran was on a visit at a house, he approached immediately, and introduced a couplet in honour of the witty barrister, who, instead of sending out money, wrote a humorous poetic reply at the tail of the verses, in return for the compliment conferred upon him ; the bard, disappointed at so unprofitable a tribute to his travelling muse, subjoined the following

impromptu, which had the effect of producing a more substantial compliment to his genius :

This the return by Curran made,
For a poor poet's strain ?
Was he for PLEADING this way paid,
He'd never plead again.

MARRIED,

At Judge Livingston's at Bloomingdale, on Wednesday 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Archibald M'Vickar, to Miss Catherine Augusta Livingston.

On Thursday Evening, the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. John Batchelor, to Miss Martha Hanrahan, both of this city.

In Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr Sargeant, Mr. Henry Nichols, Printer, of West Chester, to Miss Elizabeth P. Fisher, late of Downingtown, Chester County.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. John Glendy, Mr. Samuel Frey, merchant of Baltimore, to Miss Susan Shriver, daughter of David Shriver, Esq. of Little Pipe Creek, Frederick County.

At Providence, R. I. On the 29th ult by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Aaron Pearce, to Miss Sally Angell, both of this town.

At Philadelphia, on the 10th ult. by the rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Capt.

Sidney H. Burrough, to Miss Eliza Dunlap, daughter of John Dunlap, Esq.

On the 8th ult. in Cumberland County, by the Rev. Abner Watkins, Daniel W. Mayes, Esq. aged EIGHTEEN, to the amiable, accomplished, virtuous, and much-admired Miss Suritta Christopher, of Mecklenburg County, aged FORTY-FIVE. But for the disparity in their ages, nature would seem to have formed this couple for themselves alone. Alike in all things, well may our young hero exclaim in the language of Woolsey—Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness. Woe be to them whose happiness consists in nuptial strife.

DIED,

At Flushing, L. I. on Saturday evening last, Mr. David Gardiner, late of this city, City Weigher, aged 65 years.

On the 28th ult. after a short illness, Mrs. Cynthia Kenly, in the 38th year of her age, wife of Dr. Charles Kenly, of Philadelphia.

On the 29th of May, at Cassel, (Westphalia,) the celebrated Swiss Historian, Johannes Von Muller.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 47 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AT Liberty my heart is set,
(Hard were the cords to sever,)
But reason struggling, snapt the net,
And plac'd me free for ever.

Triumphant reason overrates
Her influence and powers ;
Self praise but poorly compensates,
For my embitter'd hours.

For when I see her smile again,
With trem'lous love I languish ;
And wish my chains still bound ;—And
fain
Accede to twice the anguish.

Must I forget the cruel fair,
The dazzling, proud Eliza,
To purchase ease ;—or in despair
Endeavour to despise her.

Vain is the task, the effort vain,
For love's delirium rages ;
Thought brings the truth ; truth brings
but pain,
No hope the pain assuages.

Still beats my heart with love's alarms,
With wild emotion thrilling ;
Alike I'll shun her rad'ant charms,
And scornful frown so chilling.

CHEVIOT.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

TO JULIA.

JULIA, attend to these, my honest lays,
And tho' I boast not, Evelina's
pow'rs,
To soothe with pious care the sor-
rowing hour,
Truth guides the heart, a willing hand
obeys.

To thy persuasive sense, and sweetness,
blind
Can any mortal being surely prove ?
Where talents, virtue, truth, com-
bine with love
To form thy native grace, and polish'd
mind.

I've mark'd a downcast eye, and som-
bre mein,
The index of a dark and gloomy
mind,
That shews all social intercourse un-
kind,
Where the enlivening smile is seldom
seen.

Yes, and I've mark'd the sudden hectic
glow,
That mounting to his eye, his cheek
inflam'd
When Julia's worth and talents have
been nam'd,
Where praise from every lip but his did
flow.

Shall such a being Julia's heart subdue ?
Forbid it, heav'n ! ah ! let it ne'er be
said,
That love like her's, should e'er be
unrepaid,
Whose smiles and honour, and whose
soul is true.

I cannot boast of fortune, wealth, or
worth,
A moderate competence is all I claim,

Enrich'd to me by an approbrious
name,
Where no dishonor shades my rank or
birth.

These with a flowing heart, are, Julia,
thine,

And though I know the pangs that
rend thy breast,

My care shall be to chace the intrud-
ing guest,

To raise congenial hopes and smiles
with mine.

I'll lead thee where the sweet Passaic
flows,

We'll range its heights, and view its
fall sublime,

And while my careless cares beguiles
thy time,

I'll lead thee to my cot of soft repose.

PHILO.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON REVISITING THE AUTHOR'S NATIVE VILLAGE.

FIVE Summers since I left my dear na-
tive vale,

On the pinions of Earth have so ra-
pidly flown ;

It appears like a dream, or like yester-
day's tale !

'Twas the bud of my youth, now to
manhood have blown.

The fields and the groves that I wan-
der'd so oft,

Enliven'd by birds, that so melodious-
ly sang,

And the fragrance of Zephyrs were
breathing so soft,

Vale of delight ! to leave thee, how
great was the pang ?

The shrubs and the flowers that I fos-
ter'd with care,

Gloom'd when I bade them adieu,
twas the gloom of my soul ;

Five seasons they've bloom'd, with
sweets loaded the air,

Five, were hid in the ground under
winter's control.

There was one little twig just rose
from the ground,

Fresh was its foliage, very sweet its
perume ;

No seasons affect it, it blooms all the
year round,

So fragile its stalk, each breeze seems
bearing a bomb.

At each breath will recoil, its foliage
will frant,

It will "thaw with a sigh," it will
"freeze with a frown,"

'Tis a beautiful, dear little, sensitive
plant,

Oh ! how happy Lorenzo, to call it
thy own.

But ah ! he must not aspire, when Na-
ture so short

In her laws to the season of blooming
has giv'n,

Some seraph may descend from Jeho-
vah's high court,

To pluck this fair flower, and bear it
to heav'n.

Should Fate in her wisdom forbear this
election,

And thou queen of the Vale in his
garden to move ;

Alone thou shall drink the pure stream
of affection,

Nymph of the fountain ! beam in the
sunshine of love.

LORENZO

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